

*M<sup>r</sup>. Sheridan in the Character of Coriolanus.*



*and we have deliver'd, Subscrib'd by the Consuls and  
Patricians, together with the Seal of the Senate, what we have  
compounded on.*

*Act 5<sup>th</sup>*

*Very fine.*

*Engraved by J. Kaye Esq. 1788.*

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# CORIOLANUS:

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## TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

### THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

### Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

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Written by SHAKESPEARE.

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*Shakespeare W/R*



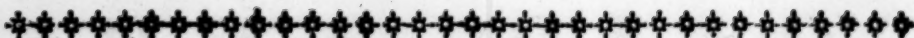
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M DCC LXXX,

# CORIO LANUS.



TRAGEDY.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

CAIUS MARTIUS CORIO LANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS.

COMINIUS.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

SPELVIVS VELUTUS.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

TULLIUS AUFIDIUS.

Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.

YOUNG MARTIUS.

Conspirators with AUFIDIUS.



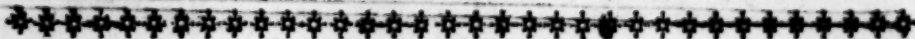
VOLUMINA.

VIRGILIA.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the Territory of the Volscians, and Antiatæ.

The whole History exactly follow'd, and many of the principal Speeches copy'd, from the Life of Coriolanus, in Plutarch.



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M DCC LXXX.



# CORIO LANUS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE, a Street in Rome.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Cit. BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know, Caius Martius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price, Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good: what authority surfeits on, would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: the leanest that afflict us, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance. Let us revenge this with our pitchforks, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger, for bread, not in thirst, for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Martius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

3 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I lay unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country; he did it to please his mother, and partly, to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him; you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surpluses, to rise in repetition. *[Shouts within.]*

What shouts are those? the other side o'th' city is risen; why stay we prating here? to th' capitol—

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft—who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

where go you with your staves and clubs? the matter—speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling of this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show them in deeds; they say, poor rustics have strong breath; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, makers, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you; for your wants,

Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand cuts

Of more strong links than ever, shall ever Appear in your impudent. For the search,

The gods, not the patricians, make it want. Your knees to them, not mine, must help. Alack,

You are transported by calamity, Thicker, where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o'th' state, who care for you, like fathers, When you curse them, as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us?—true indeed! they ne'er car'd for us, yet, suffer us to famish, and their

store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support gluttons; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide

more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the want out us out up, they will;

and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it.

But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To tale't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, We'll hear it, Sir; but yet you must not think

To sob off our disgraces with a tale. But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: That only like a gulf it did remain

I'th' midst o'th' body; less and envious, Still cupboarding the winds, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite, and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

1 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you: with a kind of smile, *(For look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak.)* It curiously reply'd,

To the discontented members, the malicious parts, That envied his receipt: even so mock'd they

# CORIOLANUS.

As you are our senators, for that  
They are not such as you—

The kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpet;  
With other ornaments and petty beads,  
In this our scabbard, if that they—

*Men.* What then?—for me this fellow speaks.  
What then? what then?

*Cir.* Should by the common belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' th' body—

*Men.* Well, what then?  
*Cir.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you.  
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*Cir.* You are long about it.  
*Men.* Here me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
Trust it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food, at first,  
Which you do live upon, and fit it is,  
Because I am the forehouse, and the shop  
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain,  
And through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive their natural competency  
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark

*Cir.* Aye, Sir, well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once cannot  
See what a no deliverer each,

Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flow of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

*Cir.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels, and their courses, digest things

Touching the meal o' th' common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think of  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

*Cir.* I the great toe? why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being o'er the lowest, heath,  
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, you are foremost;  
Thou rascal, that art first from blows to run,  
Lead'st first to win some vantage—

But make you ready your buff coats and clubs;  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;  
The one side must have head.

*Enter Caius Martius.*  
Hail, noble Martius!

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you diffen-  
tious rogues?

*Cir.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will  
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,  
That live not peace, nor war? The one affrights  
you.

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese. Hang ye, trust ye!

With every minute you do change a side,

And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Even vile that was your garland. What waste matter,  
That in the several places of the city,  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates, whereof, they  
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em: they say!—  
They'll fit by th' fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' th' capitol; who's like to rise,  
Making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain  
Enough! would the nobility lay aside  
Their pity, and let me use my sword, I'd make  
A quarry of these quarter'd slaves,  
As high as I could pitch my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these  
Are almost thoroughly persuaded: for  
Although abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolv'd;  
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth provverbs;  
That hunger broke stone walls—that dogs must eat—  
With these shreds.

They vented their complainings; which being an-  
And a petition granted them, [sweat]  
They threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice: One of them's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death;  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere to prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes,  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*  
*Mes.* Where's Caius Martius?

*Mar.* Here—what is the matter?

*Mes.* The news is, Sir, the Volscians are in arms.  
*Mar.* I am glad on't; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity. See! our best elders—

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,  
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

*Tit. Martius.* I trust that you have largely told us,  
The Volscians are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to  
I'm in envying his nobility;  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I'd wish me only him.

*Com.* You have fought together?

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by th' ears,  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him. He is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*Tit.* Then, worthy Martius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am constant: Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see moovance more strike at Tullus' face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Lar.* No, Caius Martius;

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,  
Ere may behind thee outlast.

*Men.* O true bred!

*Com.* Your company to th' capitol; where I know  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Lar.* Lead you on;

Follow, Cominius! we must follow you,  
Right worthy your priority.

*Com.* Noble Lartius!

*Men.* Hence to your homes—be gone.

[To the Citizens.

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow; [thither,  
The Volscians have much corn: take these rats  
To know their garners. Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valour puts well forth; I pray you follow.

[Exit.

*Citizens* *flout away.* Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Martius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes of the people,  
*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes? [ple-

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the  
The present war devour him! he is grown [gods—  
Too proud of being so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder  
His insolence can brook to be commanded,  
Under Cominius:

*Bru.* Fame, at which he aims,  
In which already he is well grac'd, cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first; for what mis-carries  
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Martius; Oh, if he  
Had borne the business—

*Sic.* And if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come;  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Martius,  
Though Martius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To Martius shall be honours, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along.

[Exit.

SCENE, Caius Martius's House in Rome.

Enter Volumentia and Virgilia.

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing, or express your-  
self in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my  
husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence  
wherein he won honour, than in the embracement  
of his bed, where he would shew most love. When  
yet he was but tender-bodied, and my only son;  
when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his  
way; when for a day of king's entreaties, a mother  
should not tell him an hour from her beholding, I,  
considering how honour would become such a per-  
son, that it was no better than picture-like to hang  
by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd  
to let him seek danger, where he was like to find  
fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he  
return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee,  
daughter, I sprang not more in joy, at first hearing  
he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had  
proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, Madam,  
how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my  
son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me

profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my  
love alike, and none less dear than thine and my  
good Martius, I had rather eleven die nobly for  
their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of  
action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

[you.

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit  
*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed thou shalt not:

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:  
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:  
As children from a bear, the Volscel strutting him;  
Methinks I see him stamp, thus—and call, thus—  
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes  
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! oh Jupiter, no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian sword's contending.—Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent.

*Vir.* Heav'n's blest my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with a Gentlewoman.

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you!

*Vol.* Sweet Madam—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship—

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-  
keepers?

How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship: well, good Madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the sword, and hear a  
drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O my word, the father's son: I'll swear  
'tis a very pretty boy. O my troth, I look'd on  
him, o' Wednesday, half an hour together—'has  
such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after  
a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it  
go again, and after it again; and over and over he  
comes, and up again, and caught it again; and  
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did  
so set his teeth, and did tear it, O I warrant how  
he marmockt it.

*Vol.* One o's father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, Madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your sadness; I must have  
you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over  
the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself unreasonably:  
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her  
with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope; yet they  
say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did  
but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, come, you  
shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will  
not forth.

*Val.* In truth 'tis go with me, and I'll tell you  
excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.



*Val.* Verily I do not jest with you; there came news of him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, Madam—

*Val.* In earnest it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is—The Volscians have an army forth, against whom Corninius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman poor. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing; and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Val.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would: fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Pr'ythee, Virgilis, turn thy solemnity out of door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No, at a word, Madam; indeed I must not. I with you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then, farewell.

## A C T II.

### SCENE, a Wood.

*Flourish: A Revolt is sounded. Enter at one Door Corninius, with the Romans: at another Door Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it, Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles; Where great patricians shall attend, and thrug; I'th' end admire: hear more; where the dull tribunes,

That with the sully plebeians, hate thine honours, Shall say against their hearts, We thank the gods, Our Rome hath such a soldier.

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius.*

*Lar.* O general, Here is the deed, we the capison: Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd As you have, also been, that's for my country.

*Com.* You shall not be The grave of your deserving; Rome must know The value of her own: 'twere a concealment, Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd, Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you, (In sign of what you are, not to reward What you have done) before our army, hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart,

To hear themselves remembered.

*Com.* Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, And tent themselves with death: of all the horses Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store of all The treasure in the field achiev'd, and city, We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth, Before the common distribution, At your own choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general:

But cannot make my heart consent to take A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it.

[*A long flourish, and a shout.* May these same instruments, which you profane, Never found more! when drums and trumpets shall I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps as cities Be made of false-fac'd soothing. When steel grows Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made An overture for th' wars!—[*Shouts and flourish.*]

—No more, I say;

For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled, Or fill'd some feeble wretch, which without note Here's many else have done, you shout me forth, In exclamations hyperbolical, As if I lov'd my little should be dieted In praises fauc'd with lyes.

*Com.* Too modest are you: More cruel in your good report, than grateful To us, that give you truly: therefore be it known, As to us, to all the world, that Caius Martius Wears this war's garland:

For what he did before Corioli, call him, With all th' applause and clamour of the host, Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly, ever! [*Flourish and shouts.*]

*Mar.* I will go with: And when my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush or no.

*Com.* So to our tent: Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success.

*Mar.* The gods begin to mock me; I that but now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord-general.

*Com.* Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

*Mar.* I sometime lay herein Corioli, And at a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly, He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner; But then Aufidius was within my view, And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity; I request you To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should Be free as is the wind; deliver him, Titus,

*Lar.* Martius, his name?

*Mar.* By Jupiter, forgot! I'm weary; yea, my memory is tur'd;

Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent. The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time It should be look'd to; come.

[*A march. Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, a Street in Rome.

*Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Men.* The Augur tells me we shall have news, to-night.

*Brut.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Aye, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Martius. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, Sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Martius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

*Brut.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boast.

*Men.* This is strange, now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right-hand file, do you?

*Bru.* Why—how are we censur'd?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

*Boib.* Well, well, Sir; well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter—give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures—you blame Martius for being proud.

*Bru.* We do it not alone, Sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone—Oh, that you would turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, Sir?

*Men.* Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sir.* Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice with my breath. I can't say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly that tell you, you have good faces.

*Bru.* Come, Sir, come, we know you, well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fustet-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence, to a second day of audience. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects, as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Martius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

SCENE, Enter Volamnis, Virgilius, and Valeria.

*Men.* How now, my as fair as noble ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler, whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Val.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Martius approaches, for the love of Juno let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Martius coming home!

*Val.* Aye, worthy Menenius, and with most profuse approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—Hoo, Martius coming home!

*Boib.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Val.* Look, here's a letter from him, the state hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night: A letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certainly, there is a letter for you, I saw't.

*Men.* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservation, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* Oh, no, no, no.

*Val.* Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pockets, the wounds become him.

*Val.* On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

*Val.* Titus Lartius writes they fought together; but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; if he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd, for all the chests in Corioli and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

*Val.* Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds, doubly.

*Val.* In truth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! aye, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Val.* True! pow, waw.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save their good worships! Martius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud:—where is he wounded?

*Val.* I'th' shoulder, and 'th' left-arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'th' body.

*Men.* One i'th' neck, and one too i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

*Val.* He had, before his last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now 'tis twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

*Val.* These are the ushers of Martius; before him He carries noise, behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie, Which being advanc'd declines, and then men die.

*The Triumph.*

*Trumpets sound.* Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

*Com.* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*A flourish.*]

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now no more.

*Com.* Look, Sir, your mother.

*Cor.* Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods, For my prosperity. [*Reals.*]

*Val.* Nay, my soldier, up!

My gentle Martius, my worthy Caius, By deed-atchieved honour newly nam'd, What is it, Coriolanus, must I call thee? But, oh! thy wife—

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail! [home,  
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
That weep'd to see me triumph? ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?

[To Val.

*Val.* I know not where to turn. O welcome home;  
And welcome, general! y'are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep  
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy; welcome!  
A curse begin at very root on's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee! You are three  
That Rome should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,  
We've some old crab-trees, here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours.  
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited,  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
But with them charge of honour.

*Val.* I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,  
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing  
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our Rome  
Will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother, I  
Had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the capitol. [A grand march.

[Exeunt in state, as before.

#### SCENE, a Street.

Enter Brutus and Cinicius.

*Br.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
figs

Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him: stalls, bulks, windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him. Our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nice gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

*Br.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temporarily transport his honours,  
From where he should begin and end, but will  
Lose those he's ath' won.

*Br.* In that there's comfort.

I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility;  
Not shewing, as the manner is, his wounds  
To th' people, beg their flanking breaths.

*Sic.* I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Br.* 'Tis most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then as our good will;  
A sure destruction.

Enter the Messengers.

*Br.* What's the matter?

*Men.* You're sent for to the capitol: 'tis thought  
That Martius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him; and the blind  
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Br.* Let's to the capitol,  
And carry with us ears for th' time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[A flourish. Exeunt.

#### SCENE, the Senate-house.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People,  
Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Co-  
minius the Consul: Cinicius and Brutus take their  
Places by themselves.

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscians, it re-  
mains,

As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire [you,  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Martius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember,  
With honours like himself.

*1 Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:

Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than that we stretch it out. Matters o'th' people,  
We do request your kindest ear, and after  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convened

Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Br.* Which the rather

We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent: please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Br.* Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people,  
But tye him not to be their bedfellow.  
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

*Nay,* keep your place.

*1 Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honour's pardon:

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Br.* Sir, I hope

My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, Sir; yet oft;

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth not, therefore hurt not; but your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head, than  
When the alarm was made, to stand i' th' air  
To hear my nothing monster'd.

*Mess.* Masters of the people, [Enter Coriolanus.  
Your multiplying power now can be better



That's thousand to one good one, when you see  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of 's ears to hear't? Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot, in the world,  
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others:  
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurcht all swords o'th' garland. For this last,  
Before, and in Corioli, let me say  
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,  
And by his rare example made the coward  
Turn terror into sport. As waves before  
A vessel under sail, to men obey'd,  
And sell before his stern: his sword (death's stamp)  
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:  
He was a thing of blood, whose very motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
The mortal gate o'th' city; aidless came off,  
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all;  
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
His ready sense, where straight his doubled spirit  
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigued,  
And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fill the honours  
Which we devise him.

Com. All our spoils he kick'd at,  
And look'd upon things precious as they were  
The common muck o'th' world: he covets less  
Than misery itself would give, rewards  
His deeds with doing them, and is content  
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble,  
Let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Com. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still  
My life and services.

Men. It then remains  
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and extreat them,  
For my wounds sake, to give their suffrages:  
Please you that I may over-pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, but the people too must have their voices,  
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: pray sit you to the custom,  
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with the form.

Cor. It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,  
Shew them th' unaching scars, which I would hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only—

Men. Do not stand upon't:—  
We recommend t'ye, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose. To them, and to our noble consul,  
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish, then exeunt.

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require  
As if he did condemn what he requested [them,  
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place  
I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE, the Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once for all, if he do require our voices,  
we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

1 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it  
is a power that we have no power to do; for if he  
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are  
to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for  
them; so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must  
also tell him of our noble acceptance of them. In-  
gratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be  
ungrateful, were to make a monster of the multi-  
tude; of the which we being members, should bring  
ourselves to be monstrous members.

2 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a  
little help will serve; for once when we stood up  
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the  
many-headed monster.

1 Cit. We have been call'd so of many; not that  
our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,  
some bald; but that our wits are so diversely  
colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to  
issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west,  
north, south, and their consent of one direct way,  
would be at once to all points o'th' compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? which way do you judge  
my wit would fly?

1 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as an-  
other man's will; 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-  
head.

3 Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voices;  
but that's no matter, the greater part carries it: I  
say, if he would incline to the people, there was  
never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark  
his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but  
to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's,  
and by three's. He's to make his requests by par-  
ticulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour  
in giving him our own voices with our own tongues;  
therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall  
go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exit Citizens.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not  
known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir—plague upon't, I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them  
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em.

I would they would forget me.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manners. [Exit.

Enter 1 and 2 Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean—So, here comes a brace:  
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you  
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Aye, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How, not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble  
the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,  
we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have  
wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private:  
your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy  
voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again—but 'tis no  
matter. [Exeunt.

Enter 3 and 4 Citizens.

Cor. Pray you, now, if it may fit and with the tune  
of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the  
customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country,  
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies;  
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not  
indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,  
that I have not been common in my love; but I will,  
Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a  
dearer estimation of them: and since the wisdom of  
their choice is, rather to have my cap than my heart,  
I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to  
them, most counterfeitedly; that is, Sir, I will coun-  
terfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and  
give it bountifully to the desirers; therefore, 'be-  
seech you I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and there-  
fore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your  
country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing  
them. I will make much of your voices, and so  
trouble you no farther.

Both. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

Cor. Most sweet voices—  
Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Enter 5 and 6 Citizens.

Here come more voices.  
Your voices—for your voices I have fought,  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice six  
I've seen, and heard of—your voices:  
Indeed I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
any honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore let him be consul; the gods give  
him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

Both. Amen, amen! God save thee, noble consul.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the  
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,  
That in th' official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you, and are summon'd  
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. Sir, you may.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and knowing myself  
Repair to th' senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt Coriol. and Men.  
He has it now and by his looks methinks;  
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose  
this man?

2 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your  
loves.

1 Cit. Amen, Sir; to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly he flouted us, down-right.

2 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not  
mock us.

1 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says  
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

1 Cit. No man saw 'em.

He did he'd wounds, which he could shew in private;  
And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,  
I would be consul, says he; aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me:  
Your voices, therefore. When we granted that,  
Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you.  
Your most sweet voices—now you have left your  
voices,

I have nothing farther with you.—Wa'n't this  
mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't;  
Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,  
To yield your voices?

Bru. Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he did need your loves, and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush? why had your bodies  
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the askers; and now again,  
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow'd  
Your sued-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may  
Deny him yet.

2 Cit. Aye, and we will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Aye, twice five hundred, and their friends  
to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those  
friends,

They've chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties, make them of no more voice.

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble; and on safer judgment  
Revoke your ignorant election;  
Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you.  
Say you chose him more after our commandment,  
Than guided by your own affections,  
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what  
You rather must do, than with what you should do,  
Made you against the grain to voice him consul.  
Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Aye, spare us not.  
Say, you ne'er had don't,  
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to th' capitol.

*All.* We will; almost all  
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.]

*Bru.* Let 'em go on:  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay past doubt for greater;  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* Come; to th' capitol.  
We will be there before the stream o'th' people:  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded inward. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE, the Forum.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus  
Lartius, and other Senators.

*Cor.* TULLIUS Aufidius then had made new  
head?

*Lar.* He had, my lord, and that it was which  
Our swifter composition. [caus'd]

*Cor.* So then the Volscians stand but as at first,  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make in-  
Upon's again. [road]

*Com.* They're worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lar.* On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse  
Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lar.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How?—what?

*Lar.* How often he had met you, sword to sword:  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lar.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do despise  
For they do prank them in authority, [them,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no farther.

*Cor.* Hah!—what is that!

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on—no farther.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the com-

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*Men.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' mar-  
ket-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your  
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
Have you not set them on? [teeth?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot;

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd.  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* Yes, you are like enough to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike, either way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? by yon clouds  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Com.* The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring  
Becomes not Rome: nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I'th' plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*Cor.* Now as I live, I will—

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:  
But for the mutable rank-scented many,  
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,  
And there behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate,  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd, and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which we have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more—

*Cor.* How!—no more!

As for my country, I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay, against those measles  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o'th' people, Sir, as if you were  
A god to punish, not as being a man  
Of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well we let

The people know't.

*Men.* What, what! his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where 'tis,  
Not poison any farther.

*Cor.* Shall remain?

Hear you this triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute shall?

Shall!—



*Com.* Well—on to th' market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o'th' storehouse, gratis, as 'twas used,  
Sometimes in Greece—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* I say they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Shall th' people give  
One that speaks thus, their voice?

*Sic.* H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despatch o'erwhelm thee!  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, that must be law,  
And throw their power i'th' dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason—

*Sic.* This a consul? No.

*Bru.* The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people, in whose name myself  
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator:  
A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

[*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!  
Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help me, citizens.

SCENE. *Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, with the  
Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides, more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would take from you all your

*Bru.* Seize him, *Ædiles*. [power.]

*All.* Down with him, down with him!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near. I cannot speak—You tribunes,  
Coriolanus, patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

*Sic.* Hear me, people—peace. [speak, speak.]

*All.* Let's hear our tribunes: peace, ho! speak,

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:

Martius would have all from you; *Martius*,  
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*All.* True, the people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*All.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* This is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation,  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold on him;  
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* *Ædiles*, seize him.

*All Ple.* Yield, *Martius*, yield.

*Cor.* No, I'll die here; [Drawing his sword.]  
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;  
Come try, upon yourselves, what you have seen me.

[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
the people are beat in.*]

## SCENE.

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

*Com.* Stand fast, we have as many friends as en-

*Men.* Shall it be put to that? [mies:]  
The gods forbid!

I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house,  
Leave us to cure this case,

For 'tis a sore

You cannot tent yourself; be gone, 'beseech you;

*Com.* Come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

## SCENE.

*Men.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune, for his trident,  
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth;  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.— [A noise within.]  
Here's goodly work.

*Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble again.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock,  
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial,  
Than the severity of public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Cit.* He shall well know the noble tribunes are  
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

*All.* He shall,

Be sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, Sir—

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* Do not cry havock, where you should but  
With modest warrant. [hunts]

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak;  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults—

*Sic.* Consul!—what consul!

*Men.* The consul *Coriolanus*.

*Bru.* He the consul!

*All.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If by the tribunes leave, and yours, good  
I may be heard, I crave a word or two; [people,  
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly, then,

For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,  
Were but our danger, and to keep him here,  
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Tow'rs her deserving children is enroll'd,  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam,  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* Oh, he is but a limb, that has disease;  
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies? the blood he hath lost  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country;  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,  
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,  
Left his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread farther.

*Men.* One word more, hear me one word;

Proceed by process,

Left parties (as he is below'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so——

*Sic.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smote, ourselves resisted! come——

*Men.* Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars,  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd  
In bouted language, meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him,  
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer.

Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the Forum; we'll attend you there,  
Where if you bring not Martius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll go and bring him to you. [Exit.]

SCENE E, the House of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus and Volumnia.

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears, present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Vol.* But hear me, Martius.

*Cor.* I muse my mother

Does not approve me farther, (I talk of you)

[To his mother.]

Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me  
False to my nature? rather say, I play  
Truly the man I am.

*Vol.* Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Why let it go——

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you  
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been [are,  
The thwartings of your disposition, if  
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd,  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Aye, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

*Men.* Come, come, you've been too rough, some-  
thing too rough:

You must return and mend it.

*Vol.* Pray be counsel'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that  
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physic,  
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to th' tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them! I cannot do it for the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.* You are not absolute,

Tho' therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I'th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by th' other loses,  
That they combine not there?

*Men.* A good demand.

*Cor.* Why force you this!

*Vol.* Because it lies on you to speak to th' people:  
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter  
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such  
words

But roted on your tongue; bastards, and syllables,  
Of no alliance to your bosom's truth.

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd  
I should do so in honour.

*Men.* Noble lady!

Come go with us, speak fair: you may save so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,  
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)  
Thy knees buffing the stones; for in such business,  
Action is eloquence; and the eyes of th' ignorant  
More learned than the ears; waving thy hand,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,  
That will not hold the handling; say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess  
Were fit for thee to use, as them to claim,  
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame  
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,  
As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,

Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,  
As words to little purpose.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

[tis fit

*Com.* I have been i'th' market-place; and, Sir,  
You have strong party, or defend yourself,  
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve, if he

Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must and will:

Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them my unbarbed scone?  
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart  
A lye, that it must bear? well, I will do't:  
Yet were there but this single pelt to lose,  
This mould of Martius, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-  
place!

You've put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to th' life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* Aye, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast  
My praises made thee first a soldier; so [said  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit; my throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep!  
A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,  
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

That hath receiv'd an alms ! I will not do't,  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice, then ;

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death,  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;  
But own thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray be content :

Mother, I'm going to the market-place :  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do,  
I'th' way of flattery, farther.

*Vol.* Do you will.

SCENE, *the Forum.*

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* Put him to choler straight ; he hath been  
Ever to conquer, and to have no word [us'd  
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks  
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which  
With us to break his neck. [works

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with  
Senators.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Aye, as an officer, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by th' volume : the honour'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety ; and the chairs of justice  
Supply with worthy men ; plant love amongst you ;  
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace ;  
And not our streets with war !

*Men.* Amen. A noble wish.

*Enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* Lift to your Tribunes : audience ;  
Peace, I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak,

*Both Tri.* Well, say, peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no farther than this pre-  
Must all determine here ? [sent ?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content :  
The warlike service he has done, consider ;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew  
Like graves i'th' holy church-yard.

*Cor.* Well, well, no more.

What is the matter,  
That being past for consul with full voice,  
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say, then : 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Your self unto a power tyrannical ;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ? traitor ?

*Men.* Nay, temperately : your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i'th' lowest hell sold in the people !

Call me their traitor ! thou injurious tribune !  
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers ; I would say,  
Thou lyest, unto thee, with a voice as free,  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people ?

*All.* To th' rock with him.

*Sic.* Peace ;

We need not put new matter to his charge :

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Deserves th' extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service ?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You ?—

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your

*Com.* Know, I pray you—

[mother ?

*Cor.* I'll know no farther :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, slavery, pent to linger,  
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, good-morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time,  
Envy'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power ; has now, at last,  
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not only in presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it ; in the name o'th' people,  
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we  
(E'en from this instant) banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome's gates. I'th' people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so ; it shall be so ; let him away ;  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends—

I have been consul, and can shew for Rome  
Her enemies marks upon me.

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country.  
It shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,  
As reek o'th' rotten fens ; whose loves I prize,  
As the dead carcases of unburied men,  
That do corrupt my air ; I banish you.  
And here remain with your uncertainty !  
Let every seditious rumour shake your hearts,  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair ! have the power still  
To banish your defenders, till at length  
Your ignominy deliver you,  
As most abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows ! Despising then,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back ;  
There is a world elsewhere—

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Senators.*

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Gates of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,  
and Cominius.*

*Cor.* COME, leave your tears : a brief fare-  
wel ; the best



With many heads, butts me away. Nay, mother,  
Where's your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating.  
You were us'd to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

*Cor.* Nay, I pry'thee, woman—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome.  
And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were won't to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu. Farewel, my wife, my mother;  
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) general,  
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles. Tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot  
My hazards still have been solace; and  
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen [son  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen;) your  
Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautious baits and practice.

*Vol.* First, my son,  
Where will you go? take good Cominius  
With thee, a while; determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i'th' way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
Over the vast world, to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I'th' absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well;

Thou'lt years upon thee, and thou art too full  
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruist; bring me but out at gate.  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still, and never of me aught,  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily,  
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
If I could shake off but one seven years,  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the  
Edile.

*Sic.* Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no  
farther.

Vex'd are the nobles, who we see have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home.

Say their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us; keep on your  
way.

*Vol.* Oh, y'are well met;

The hoarded plague o'th' gods requite your love?

*Men.* Peace, peace, be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear—  
Nay, and you shall hear home. Will you be gone?  
[To Brutus.]

*Vir.* You shall stay, too; I would I had the power  
To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Aye, fool; is that a shame? note but this  
fool.

Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* Oh, blessed heav'ns!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wife words,  
And for Rome's good—I'll tell thee what—yet  
go—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vol.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity;  
Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he doth bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country,  
As he began, and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made,

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had!—'twas you incens'd the  
rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries, which heav'n  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, Sir, get you gone,  
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this;  
As far as doth the capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome; so far my son,  
This lady's husband here, this, (do you see)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

[*Exeunt. Tribunes.*]

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.  
I wish the gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em,  
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart,  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You've told them home,  
And by my troth have cause; you'll sup with me.  
*Vol.* Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding; come, let's go,  
Leave this faint pulsing, and lament, as I do, [To Vir.  
In anger Juno-like; come, come, sic, sic!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street.

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and  
muffled.

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium. City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir

Of these fair edifices, 'fore, my wars,  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,  
Left that thy wives with spits, and boys with  
stones,  
In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

*Enter a Citizen of Antium.*

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will, where great  
Aufidius lies; is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, at  
his house, this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, I beseech you?

*Cit.* This here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, Sir. Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*]

Oh, world, thy slippery turns!

My birth-place have I and my lovers left;

This enemy's house I'll enter; if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Hall in Aufidius's House.

*Enter a Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! what service is  
here?

I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

*Enter another Serving-Man.*

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotsus? my master calls for him;  
Cotsus! [*Exit.*]

*Enter Coriolanus.*

*Cor.* A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I  
appear not like a guest.

*Enter the first Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? whence  
are you? here's no place for you; pray go to the  
door. [*Exit.*]

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in  
being Coriolanus.

*Enter Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his  
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such  
companions? pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away! —

2 *Serv.* Away! — get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd  
with, anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on; I can-  
not get him out o'th' house; pr'ythee call my mas-  
ter to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray  
you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand, I will not hurt your  
hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True; so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some  
other station, here's no place for you; pray you  
avoid; come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go and batten on  
cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my  
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit second Serving-Man.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Aye.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I'th' city of kites and crows.

*Enter Aufidius, with a Serving-Man.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog,  
but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou?  
thy name? why speak'st not? speak, man: what's  
thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and  
seeing me

Do'st not yet take me for the man I am,  
Necessity commands me to name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to Volscian ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Martius, who hath  
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood,  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope,  
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if

I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world,

I'd have avoided thee. But in mere spite

To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,  
For I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more  
fortunes

Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am,

Longer to live, most weary; and present

My throat to thee,

Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless

It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* Oh, Martius, Martius,

Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,

And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more

Than thee, all-noble Martius. Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against

My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,

As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour.

But, that I see thee here,

Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out,  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,  
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by th' hands,  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt  
The leading of thine own revenges, take [have  
One half of my commission, and set down,  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own  
ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,  
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Martius, that was much. Your hand; most  
welcome! [Exit.

SCENE, the Forum.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear;  
His remedies are tame.

*Enter Menenius.*

*Bru.* We stood to'ting good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
of late. Hail, Sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd, but  
with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand, and  
so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well, and might have been much better,  
if he could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing;

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

*Bru.* Caius Martius was

A worthy officer i'th' war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving.

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistants.

*Men.* Nay, I think not so.

*Sic.* We had by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volscians, with two several powers,  
Are entered in the Roman territories,  
And, with the deepest malice of the war,  
Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Martius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
Which were in-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Martius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be  
The Volscians dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this;  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me;

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* The nobles in great earnestness are going  
All to the senate-house; some news is come  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave:

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising  
Nothing but his report!

*Men.* Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report seconded, and more,  
More fearful is delivered.

*Sic.* What more fearful!

*Mes.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
How probable I do not know, that Martius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Martius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely.

He and Aufidius can no more atone,  
Than violentest contrarieties.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* Oh, you have made good work.

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
To melt the city-leads upon your pates, [and  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement, and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me; pray, your news?  
If Martius should be joined with the Volscians—

*Com.* If? he is their god, he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better; and they follow him  
Against us brats with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You've made good work,  
You and your apron-men; that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters.

*Com.* He'll shake your Rome  
About your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules did shake  
Down mellow fruit; so you have made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, Sir?

*Com.* Aye, and you'll look pale,  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do seemingly revolt, and who resist,  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools; who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies and his find something in him.

*Men.* We're all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people



Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds; his best friends, if they  
Should say, Be good to Rome, they charge him even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true,

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That would consume it, I have not the face  
To say, Beseech you, cease. You've made fair hands,  
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

*Com.* You've brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Sic.* Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like  
beasts,

And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

*Com.* But I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his 'points,  
As if he were his officer; desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

### SCENE.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus's exile. Now he's coming,  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many cockcombs,  
As you threw clips up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter  
If he should burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*3 Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

*For mine own part,*

When I said, Banish him, I said 'twas pity.

*2 Cit.* And so did I.

*1 Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did  
very many of us; that we did, we did for the best;  
and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment,  
yet it was against our will.

*Com.* Y'are goodly things; your voices!—

*Men.* You have made you good work,  
You and your cry. Shall's to the capitol?

*Com.* Oh, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.  
These are a fide that would be glad to have  
This true, which they fo seem to fear. Go home,  
And shew no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The gods be good to us! come, masters,  
let's home. Level said we were i'th' wrong, when  
we banish'd him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all: but come, let's home.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the capitol; would half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lye!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE, a Camp at a small Distance from Rome.

*Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to th' Roman?

*Lieut.* I did not know what witchcraft's in him; but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it, now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot

Of our design. He bears himself more proudly,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature  
In that's no changing, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieut.* Yet I wish, Sir,

(I mean for your particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him; but had borne  
The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him: though it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shews good husbandry for the Volscians state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve, as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine;  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieut.* Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down,  
And the nobility of Rome are his;  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence.

First, he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not  
Carry his honours even; whether pride, [merit  
Whether defect of judgment in him; but he has  
To choke it in the utterance.

Come, let's away; when, Calus, Rome is thine,  
Thou'rt poor't of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

### A C T V.

SCENE, Rome.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus.*

*Men.* NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath  
said,

Which was sometime his general, who lov'd him,  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;  
But what o'that? go you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy; nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to; so bad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name, i'th' fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you've made good work:  
A pair of tribunes, that have reck'd for Rome,  
To make coaches cheap; a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon,  
When it was least expected. He reply'd,  
It was a bare petition of a state,  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well; could he say less?

*Com.* I offered to awaken his regard,  
For's private friends. His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose th' offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain

Or two; I'm one of those; his mother, wife,  
His child, and this brave fellow, we're the grains;

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt  
Above the moon. We must be burnt, for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid,  
In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid's with our distress. But sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do,  
For Rome, tow'rd's Martius.

*Men.* I'll undertake it;

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood,  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls,  
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch him,  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him, [ledge  
Speed how it will. You shall ere long have know-  
Of my success. [Exit.

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,  
'Twas very faintly he said, Rise; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,  
He sent in writing after; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions:  
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother,  
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him,  
Force mercy to his country; therefore, hence,  
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exit.

SCENE, the Volsian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard, discovered.

*1 Watch.* Stay; whence are you?

Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your  
I am an officer of state, and come [leave,  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*1 Watch.* Whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

*1 Watch.* You may not pass, you must return; our  
Will no more hear from thence. [general

*Men.* Good, my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,  
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

*1 Watch.* Be it so, go back; the virtue of your  
Is not here passable. [name,

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover; I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified:  
Therefore, fellow, I must have leave to pass.

*1 Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies  
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,  
you should not pass here; therefore go back.

*Men.* Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would  
not speak with him, till after dinner.

Enter Coriolanus.

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, your companions, I'll say an errand for

you; you shall know now that I am in estimation;  
you shall perceive, that a jack gadant cannot office  
me from my son Coriolanus; guess, by my enter-  
tainment with him, and swoon for what's to come  
upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod,  
about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no  
worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my  
son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look  
thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd  
to come to thee, but being assured none but myself  
could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates  
with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and  
thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage  
thy wrath, and turn the fregs of it upon this vassal  
here; this, who like a block, hath denied my ac-  
cess to thee.—

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How, away!

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
Are servanted to others; though I owe  
My revenge properly, remission lies  
In Volsian breaths. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone;  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake.

[Gives him a letter.  
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak. [Exit.

Manus the Guard and Menenius.

*1 Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name Menenius?

*Men.* I neither care for th' world, nor your gene-  
ral: for such things as you, I can scarce think  
there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to  
die by himself, fears it not from another: I say to  
you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.

SCENE. A March.

Re-enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and Volsians.

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome, to-morrow,  
Set down our host. My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volsian lords how plainly  
I've borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends you have respected; stop  
Your ears against the general suit of Rome;  
Never admitted private whisper; no,  
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge,  
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have  
(Tho' I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse;  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I've yielded to. Fresh embassage, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter,  
Will I lend ear to. [Sbour.

Ha! what shout is this?  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not—

Enter Virgilia, Volumentia, Valeria, young Martius,  
wife's Attendants, all in Mourning.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But out affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. [Virgilia bends.  
What is that curf'ie worth? or those dove's eyes,  
Which can make god's forsworn? I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,  
C 2 [Volumentia kneels,

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volscians  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a galling to obey instinct: but stand  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,  
For that, Forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now, by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,  
And the most noble mother of the world,  
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*Kneels.*]  
Of thy deep duty more impression shew,  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior,  
I hope to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[*Pointing to Valeria.*]

*Cor.* The noble sister of Poplicola:  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria—

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,

[*Shewing young Martius.*]

Which by th' interpretation of full time,  
May shew like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars,  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
Or if you'd ask, remember this, before;  
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitate  
Again with Rome's mechanicks. Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh, no more; no more;  
You've said you will not grant us any thing:  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already; yet we will ask,  
That if we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness; therefore, hear us.

*Cor.* Ausidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome, in private.—Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-  
ment,

And state of bodies, would bewray what life  
We've led, since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfort'nate than all living women,  
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sor-  
rowing the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out: and to poor we

Thine enemy's most capital; thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort,  
That all but we enjoy. For we must find  
An eminent calamity, tho' we had  
Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles along our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
And bear the palm for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
If I can't persuade thee  
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt not sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Aye, and mine too,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see;  
I've sat, too long.

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus:

If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn  
As poisoners of your honour. No; our suit [us,  
Is that you reconcile them; while the Volscians  
May say, This mercy we have shew'd; the Romans,  
This we receiv'd; and each on either side,  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, Be blest,  
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit,  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ—The man was noble—  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains,  
To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:  
Why dost not speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a nobleman,  
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to'ts mother, yet here he lets me prate,  
Like one i'th' stocks. Thou'lt never, in thy life,  
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she (the poor hen) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end;  
This is the last. So we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours; nay, behold us,  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength,  
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go;  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother:  
His wife is in Corioli, and this child  
Like him by chance; yet give us our dispatch;  
I'm hush'd, until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little.

*Cor.* Oh mother, mother!—

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done? behold, the heav'n's do open,



The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh it. O, mother, mother!  
You've won a happy victory to Rome:  
But for your son, believe it, oh, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. Let it come—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I too was mov'd.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were;  
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir:  
O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee, out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. *[Aside.]*

*Cor.* Aye, by and by;  
And you shall bear *[To Volumnia, Virg. &c.]*  
A better witness back, than words, which we  
On like conditions will have counterfeal'd.

*Auf.* Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you; all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace.

*Cor.* Come, enter with us. *[A March. Exeunt.]*

SCENE, the Forum.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

*Men.* See you yon coin o'th' capitol, yon corner  
stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it, with  
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of  
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.  
But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sen-  
tenc'd, and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter the  
condition of a man?

*Men.* There is difference between a grub and a  
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub; this Mar-  
tius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings;  
he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more remembers  
his mother now, than an eight years old horse.  
The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When  
he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground  
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a  
corset, with his eye; talks like a knell, and his  
hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing  
made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is fi-  
nish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a  
god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what  
mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no  
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male  
tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is  
'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be  
good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected  
not them; and he, returning to break our necks,  
they respect not us.

Enter Messenger.

*Mef.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;  
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mef.* Good news, good news; the ladies have pre-  
vail'd,

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Martius gone;  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome;  
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mef.* As certain as I know the sun is fire;  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomfited through th' gates.

Why, hark you:

*[Trumpets and shouts.]*  
The trumpets, and the shouting Romans  
Make the sun dance. Hark you. *[A shout within.]*

*Men.* This is good news?

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well, to-day;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats,  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

*[Sound still, with the shouts.]*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you, for your tidings!  
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

*Mef.* Sir, we have all great cause to give great

*Sic.* They're near the city?

*[thanks.]*

*Mef.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, Antium. A March.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

*Auf.* Go tell the lords o'th' city, I am here;  
Deliver them this paper; having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,  
Even in theirs, and in the commons ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's Faction.  
Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein  
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either,  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction.

Being banish'd Rome, he came unto my hearth,  
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments,  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did make all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong; till at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;

The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,  
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory—

*Ans.* There was it;  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him;  
As a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lye, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall.

But, hark!

[*people.*]

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the*

*1 Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home, but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

*Ans.* Say no more,  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*All Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Ans.* I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written?

*All.* We have.

*1 Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding, admits no excuse.

*Ans.* He approaches; you shall hear him

SCENE. *Enter Coriolanus.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords; I am return'd, your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to home,  
The gates of Rome: our spoils we have brought  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to th' Romans: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o'th' senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Ans.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree,  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—how now!

*Ans.* Aye, traitor, Martius.

*Cor.* Martius!

[*think*]

*Ans.* Aye, Martius, Caius Martius; dost thou  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus, in Corioli?

You lords, and head o'th' state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome;  
I say your city, to his wife and mother;  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting  
Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears,  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart,  
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Ans.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

*Cor.* Hal!

*Ans.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time I ever  
Was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave

lords,  
Must give this ear the lye; and his own notion,  
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that  
Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join  
To thrust the lye unto him.

*1 Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads;  
Stain all your edges in me. Boy? false hound!—  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.

Aloof I did it. Boy?—

*Ans.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*2 Lord.* Peace—no outrage—peace—  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O that I had him,  
With six Aufidius's, or more; his tribe;  
To use my lawful sword—

*Ans.* Insolent villain!

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Martius,  
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Ans.* My noble masters, hear me speak.  
My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage  
Provok'd by him, I cannot) the great danger,  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours,  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*1 Lord.* Bear from hence his body;  
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded,  
As the most noble carcase, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*Ans.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow; take him up;  
Help three o'th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.  
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully;  
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchild'd many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury;  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Martius.  
A dead march sounded.*]



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